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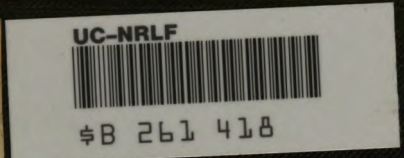

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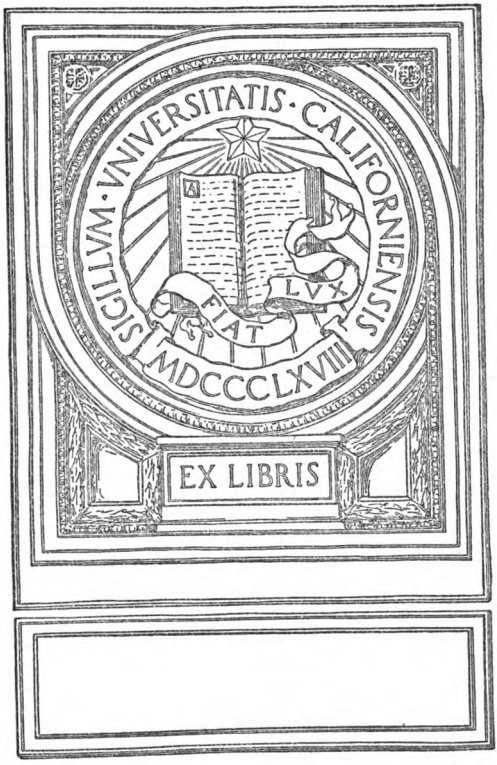

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CANT,

A Satire.

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CANT,

A Satire.

"Cant in this Age infects the very air,
Cant fills our Morning and our Evening Pray'r."—Page 15.

"In vain Rome's power thou seekest to restore,
The shadow of thy deeds hath pass'd before."—Page 49.

London:
DARTON AND CLARK, 58, HOLBORN HILL,
AND
HARVEY AND DARTON, 55, GRACECHURCH STREET.

1843.

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Morton, Printer, 16, Peter's Hill, Doctors' Commons.

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Proem.

When Age so nigh hath brought the grisly king
We see Death's features through Time's shadowy wing.
Wisdom declares, just waking to Fate's scheme,
The world a vision and this life a dream!
A world where Hope might walk to make Life sweet,
But Disappointment shades her spell-bound feet;
Where Pleasure sickens at the touch of Care,
Where Pow'r grows insolent with wealth, and where
Dissimulation self's sole purpose wins,
As Avarice weaves the net that Cunning spins.

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Thy business Cant, to make mankind *believe*,

And man's profoundest study—to deceive :

Refinement's tongue adorns Deception's powers,

—A serpent gliding through a bed of flow'rs ;—

Thus, the great Mesmer o'er the senses creeps,

And charms and plunders, whilst its victim sleeps !

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CANT,

A Satire.

"Tantum Religio potuit sua dere malorum."—*Lucretius.*

When Nature form'd this nebula of earth,
Millions of ages before man had birth,*
She stock'd it o'er with things endow'd with life,
With horrid forms prepared and arm'd for strife,
Amphibious genii of each element,
Mammoth, and Sloth, of size magnificent;
Gigantic forms that browsed the mountain-steeps,
Or grazed in herds beneath the ocean deeps;

* Compare the Rev. Doctor Buckland's account of the creation of the world with that of Moses, and decide as seemeth best, for Philosophy or Divinity.

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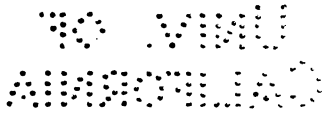

But Man, at length, superior to the best,
—Design'd to govern and subdue the rest,—
To self-defence soon limited his sway,
And tried his skill in making human prey;
'Twas soon found easier to cheat man than beast,
Hence the first Canter dubbed himself a Priest,
Forbade improvements infant mind to advance,
And match'd his cunning 'gainst man's ignorance.
From that time forth his scheme prevail'd, and then
Farewell all prospects to the sons of men;
Farewell all noble thoughts and glorious deeds,
For Freedom sickens where'er Priestcraft treads:
A tyrant stern, mysterious, and dark,
The foul fiend made captivity his mark;
Saw man to blank credulity inclined,
And clapp'd Faith's iron padlock on his mind,
Then shot the bolt,—six thousand years have pass'd,
And still the present sun beholds it fast!

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His empire fixed, an age scarce vanish'd when
The Harpy throve and multiplied 'mongst men:
The fraud complete they clothed themselves in black
—The emblems of their conscience graced the back.
With terror arm'd the monsters cried "give," "give,"
And robb'd mankind that they themselves might live;
The Devil smiled, his children work'd so well,
And "*Tithe*" resounded from the banks of hell!
Then the great archetype of all that's base
Drew the first likeness of the Pusey race!
The craft improved, lo! ages pass'd away,
Saw the sleek demons fatt'ning on their prey;
When Torquemado gave his genius scope,
Plotting fresh crimes, beyond the devil's hope;
In holy fires he saw his victims cramm'd,
First robb'd,—then made amusement of the damn'd
Black bloated priests, carousing at the games,
Danced to the shrieks of heretics in flames;

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Soul-sick'ning thought! wherever Reason gleams,
Darting her light to scare a bigot's dreams,
Throughout the historic page, stern truth it stands,
Such Christian teachers have the bloodiest hands!
In all hell's mischiefs there's a bliss that springs
Grateful alike to priests and tyrant kings;
To see young Freedom in the flames expire
Monarchs themselves have leaped to light the fire,*
And monks and fanatics with hearts of stones
Sung hallelujahs to his dying moans!
But Time omnipotent saw craft decay,
For Anno Domini was growing grey;
And Harry's lust combined with Luther's spite
Destroyed the first and brought man's second night:
Men deem'd Religion might rest unmolested
When the great German potentates protested,

* An Auto de fé was a theatrical display of human torture for pious amusement, and Amphitheatres have been formed, and Courts and Monarchs been present to witness these *interesting* spectacles!

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Whilst here in England, 'gainst their own consent,
Christians were made by Act of Parliament!
Then State,—a rake,—look'd out a wife sedate,
When Church nought loth play'd thimble-rig with State;
And water, through State's miracle with priest,
Was changed to wine at Church's marriage feast.
O sad decline of Faith's miraculous trade,
The bigot's substance dwindling down to shade
Ere long shall yield—as time and knowledge press,
"Fine by degrees and beautifully less:"
Time that sees man a guest at Reason's feast
All else hath changed, but never changed a priest;
The same shrewd cunning and the same devices
Were Isis priests as *now* the priests of Isis;
The same delusions practised at old Rome,
Only less gross, are practised here at home:
Prophets and Gods each other give the go-by,
Foh—Vishnu—Mah'met—Ganesa—and Obi,

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Worshipp'd by fools,—a rare poetic set,
But common sense was never worshipp'd yet:
Cows,—Monkeys,—Leeks,—were Gods in their degree,
And dogs with one head up to dogs with three.
The cloven crown first rose in Egypt's night,
The cleft remains, but ne'er hath let in light:
In darkness proud our modern bishops tether
The cloven crown and cloven foot together:
Priestcraft consents with self-same light to bless
Those who ca'nt see and those who know much less;
Hence Missionaries start, God's glory craving,
To every clime where souls will *pay* for saving;
Teaching the Indian to believe and pray,
Giving him Heaven to steal his Earth away;
Hence zeal at home extends the nation's ills,
And builds the Church Religion never fills!*

* "In Manchester alone, thirteen churches have been built during the last seven years!—Five of them would be found sufficient to supply room for all the church-going population."

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In old Colombia's soil, far in the west,
An Indian Chief his brother chiefs address'd;
The sun descending cast a level line
'Midst throngs assembled 'neath the stately pine;
On war-mats seated round, with club and spear,
Silent as death the list'ning warriors hear:—
"Brave Chiefs! long used the toils of war to share,
Join in the white man's curse and my despair;
Since Christian nations conquer to betray,
The red man dwindles and his race decay:
Like waves advancing, still, they press our feet,
Like waves receding, we in turn retreat;
By holy Fraud they first acquired their sway,
By mightier force they sweep our sons away;
Their holy men whine out some gospel text,
Plund'ring this world to pay back with the next
Robb'd of our home, and loaded with our shame,
We curse the hour the fawning Christian came,

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Preachers of *right* and practisers of *wrong*,
—Fraud in the heart and mercy on the tongue,
Who seal their mission from their God above
In bloody and exterminating love:
They seize our homes—then teach us to 'forgive!'
Great Spirit!—teach *them* Truth, and let *us* live."

Thus wailed the Chieftains o'er their bitter fate,
Whilst England's Bishops lengthen'd the debate,
'Mongst holy Lords, who plunder to restore,
And only rob to sell and give the poor!
Reserving from the many-headed beast,
And carving sections for the Church's feast:
Her fingers, like her love, extend through space,
Baiting for Mammon with the signs of Grace.
Unlike the Romish Catholic of yore,
He built his Church on mines of undug ore;
A shrewder means our Pusey priest employs,
Yet all the sweets man draws from gold *enjoys;*

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In golden scales his righteousness is weighed,
And Heaven is passive whilst the game is played;
Livings and cures, and flocks are truck'd for gold,
And God's best promises are bought and sold;
Egregious Faith first reared his Church in air,
And half-consenting faith still keeps it there;
Hence Senators conspiring, Priests contrive
Through the mere signs of godliness to thrive;
Hence Fraud triumphant, lifting his proud head,
Devours Salvation as his daily bread!

This happy league was earliest Fate's decree,
'Twas *Avarice* first led to Piety;
When Cant and zeal, by holy Church made *one*,
Begot Hypocrisy,—their only Son!
That cunning knave, so often seen in prayer,
With whining voice, raised eyes, and knees threadbare,
Attracting blockheads by his groan and sigh,
With Persecution's red whip lying by;

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That whip which zeal presenting as her dow'r,
Still lifts exulting at the nod of Power:
That whip, whose clang still vibrates through the land;
That whip—an heir-loom in Religion's hand!
Too much like Satan, prone to wield the rod,
Man thinks himself a model for his God;
Divines themselves, when self stands in the way,
Scarce stay their vengeance till the judgment-day;
Knowing, those *born* to rule all mercy scout,
(Too late the Whigs this secret have found out),
Knowing the sin to take from Church her due,
—That titheless piety is toothless too,—
Knowing no change like this can be deplored,
They arm their love with Terror's frown and sword;
Thus clad, 'gainst heathen cruelty declaim,
And call it darkness, sinking R*d*r's name!
Not drawn by love but *driven* to obey,—
The rich admire,—the poor man turns away!

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Oh England, boast not! Heathen light divine
Emits a ray, well nigh as bright as thine:
Our knowledge hoodwink'd serves to increase our gloom
—A lanthorn'd rushlight in a sick man's room;
Take barbarous Afric—there's but little odds
Betwixt *our* devil and *their* feather'd gods;
With all our Cant the difference is in *name*,
Change but the place the principle's the same;
The child that dies uncross'd by Holy Ghost
Is taboo'd by *our* priest, and set down "*lost;*
No tears can move though parent bosoms swell,
Salvation's mute, and Satan tolls the bell!
Malignant Priestcraft! that with soul austere
Will suffer not the little babe come near,
But spurns the blighted flower—to malice true,
Because it hath not sipp'd "Salvation's dew;"
Because *unsprinkled* by thy hand it fled,
Thy hand that wars against the Infant dead;

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Turn, turn my feet, from such dark monsters flee,
Surely Heaven's kingdom's not of such as ye!
And are these England's sons can palter thus?
Sure Afric's soil were more indigenous,
Where Slavishness and Fear might give them pow'r
To score their minute stripes on man's short hour,
To do their damned rites where demons glare,
And bear about the horrid death-drum there.*
Tho' more refined, like Afric's priests our own
By pulpit-drum their subtle rites make known,
Save in Rome's cause they deem all schism strange,
And dread the moon when she portendeth *change;*
Tho' once indifferent to *all* change they stood,
And nodded o'er their prayers in holy mood,
Thieves then unheeded to the Altar crept,
And robbed the Temple whilst its guardians slept!

* For an account of this horrible instrument and the purposes to which it is applied, read the Rev. T. B. Freeman's interesting journal of his visit to Ashanti.

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Then Ignorance, by Craft and Cunning lull'd,
Was gull'd by Cant, or by itself was gull'd:
Some dolt, in choosing creeds, eschewing sin,
Left to himself felt vanity creep in;
Of all the faiths to save and make him blest,
His judgment!—yes, *his* judgment was the test!
Pleased he preferr'd one,—the egregious elf
Then straight fell down to worship—what?—*Himself!*
Himself perchance the veriest dolt or beast,
Both Temple, Idol, Worshipper, and Priest!
Blest be the man or woman 'tis agreed,
Inspired by Folly to build up a Creed;
Pusey or Mormon,—or names just as odd,
Nonsense their faith, Absurdity their god!
Creeds are the holy nets the Sectarist uses
To take the simple fry,—the sport amuses,
Tho' oft alarmed, with care and caution due,
He sees the struggling Infidel slip through;

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Vex'd to his heart to lose the precious charge,
He sees him swim the wat'ry world at large!
Whilst minor Fish the bold example take,
Leaping delighted in his boundless wake.
Yes! every Bigot deems his Creed *divine*,
As every Drunkard hath his favourite *Sign;*
One to the "Baptist's Head" clandestine creeps,
One to the "Mitre," that old Fill-P**ts keeps!
Of all the nostrums to embalm a soul,
None's like thine, Athanasius,—'tis so droll;
And which, as Tillotson devoutly saith,
Is a mere stumbling-block to men of faith.
O who can list some dolt in sleepy tone,
Like a Scotch bagpipe with its nasal drone,
Mumble this creed, and not incline to laughter,
Whilst Clerk and Congregation mumble after?
Hear Pollio through this long rehearsal creep
—The dreamy music of the Saints asleep;

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If tired with dull stupidity and him,

Then turn to W*l*yn,– to the apostle P**,

Nor rashly deem his " Warning Voice" a hum,*

The unerring prophet of Millennium.

Ah! what's the meaning of this precious rant?

One monosyllable explains it,—*Cant!*

To see this prostitution stirs my gall,—

This world of two-legged reptiles,—*how they crawl!*

Cant in this age infects the very air,

Cant fills our morning and our evening prayer,

Cant is the tool of every knave alive,

Cant is the toad by which toad-eaters thrive;

By Cant, etcetera, Curates drink their wine,

Agents get wealth, and Governesses dine:

* Let every "gentle reader" who would take a peep into futurity first take a peep into "A Word of Warning," published by Nisbet and Co., Berners Street, and Paternoster, Hitchin, when he will soon experience that equivocal sensation which fluctuates betwixt ridicule and compassion. Let every *modern* Isaiah read the Book and hold it as "a Word of Warning."

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Of all toad-eating Cant, the Cant I hate is
That Puseyitish Cant we all get gratis,
When Saints rebuke us for each sinful blot,
As who should say "I'm righteous, thou art not."
Almighty Cant! with patience from thy stock,
The crawling snail might scale a weathercock,
Feel his position with triumphant air,
And bless the slimy track that placed him there!
Brutes fawning try the path so often trod,
And crouch to man, *their* deity and god;
Thus P***y hopes to obtain what he may want
By wheedling deity himself with Cant,
Praying some neighbour's living may fall in
And add a triplet to his double chin!
Thus Cant can bring, to suit a Patron's calls,
Divinity that limps and pride that crawls,
Wherever lucre's filthy tree takes root
Be sure a Pusey's planted at the foot;

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That parasitic plant first reared at Court,
Which creeps and climbs up all trees for support,
Whether the trunk be noble, mean, or base,
Clinging like ivy in its close embrace,
Twines round each limb where'er its branches spread,
Preys on its sap and blossoms through its head!
In ages past when Cunning first combined,
With holy avarice to curse mankind,
When Lucifer, to draw his victims in,
With Lucre made new candidates for sin;
Shoulder'd by Priest the evil root was brought,
By Priest 'twas fashion'd, and by Priest 'twas wrought,
Circled by Priests the brazen cauldron boil'd,
And all delighted at the labour toil'd;
With sleeves tuck'd up, they work'd, and pray'd and knelt,
March'd round, sang mass, and stirr'd the bubbling guilt,
A new impression issued from the mint,
When pleased the Devil felt his likeness in't:

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Fraud, lies, and hatred gave the mischief wings—
The *work* of Priestcraft with the *stamp* of Kings!
True to their gospel Mammon would contrive
Whatever else were poor, the Church must thrive.
Old Avarice sees our *modern* Priests the same,
In deed and spirit, only changed in *name*,
And now and then—to keep them staunch and true—
Innoculates them with converted Jew:
This thriftiness of Church still makes it plain
That Heaven is *Merchandise*, and prayer is *Gain!*

Weep Man and sorrow! Age on Age hath flown,
And seen thy bare knees wear away the stone!
Seen Priestcraft keep thy reasoning powers in check,
Linking a chain of graveworms round thy neck.
The Sorcerer bade his magic thunders roll,
And laugh'd to see them terrify thy soul,
Call'd Science blasphemy, and Knowledge—sin
And quench'd the glorious fires that burn'd within.

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Weep Man! that e'en this age, however bright,
Is but the dawning of retarded light;
That sees thee, in the cradle of thy skill,
Harness and chain the elements at will;
Look through the framework of a brighter sphere,
And *read* the solid mass thou tread'st on here!
Let Science weep,—Man's intellectual spark
Long centuries lay, imprison'd in the dark;
Dark as the gem sunk fathoms deep in earth,
'Till Fashion sigh'd and Labour gave it birth:
The Priestly dragons, with shaved crown and cape,
With flame and dagger guarded from escape
That intellectual light opposed to Faith,
Which mouldering in man's brain escaped in death!
Their frown omnipotent,—their will their law,—
Their centre self,—the fiends exulting saw
The majesty of God by Craft debased,
And Time a blank, and this bright World a waste!

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That Craft still lives, still priests of light afraid,
—Black specks seen floating in penumbral shade;
Gloom in the heart and boding on their lips,
Like dismal ravens croaking in eclipse,
With terror quail to mark truth's gleaming ray,
And flap their wings to keep that gleam away!
The sex's weakness is the strength they boast,
Without such help their occupation's lost;
Goodness is easiest warp'd, and aids their plan,
From Woman and from children comes the man.
As once the Devil tempted Eve astray,
Divinity still keeps her in the way,
Laying his snares to catch the harmless dove,
The wily priest drives on the trade of love;
Mouthing the eighth command "Thou shalt not steal,"
He plunders e'en the cloth,—"B*r*h *versus* N**l!"*

* See the trial of the Rev. Mr. B—h *versus* the Rev. Mr. N—l, for criminal conversation with Mr. B—h's wife during Mr. B—'s

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Woman! of all God's creatures still the best,—
Who makes us cling to life, and gives it zest,
Whose charms can win us to perdition's brink,
And make us reel with ecstacy to think!
Doom'd by a vicious education plan
To be the slave, not ornament of man:
Her lamp of reason, like the lamp in mines,
Is kept just glimmering, but scarce ever shines:
Alas! that she whose light might make us whole,
Quicken life's pulse, and elevate the soul;
A sun eclipsed should wander in the dark,
In Reason's school scarce taught to set her mark;
That she, man's angel in this nether sphere,
Who makes his destiny a blessing here;
Without her heavenly love,—ethereal spark—
Man were a reptile crawling in the dark,—

performance of divine service at Hackney Church:—at the same moment the Rev. Mr. N—l was performing his holy interchange of duties with Mrs. B—h.

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That she, bred up in ignorance,—the gem
Set in base metal,—Earth's proud diadem—
Should be pronounced a most convenient creature,
To practise fraud on, and degrade her nature:
That she,—Cant's fondest hope—her aid must give,
That dubious Creeds and Pusey knaves may live!
As noxious reptiles seek the fairest flower,
On which to hatch their larvæ and devour,
So priests, still faithful to their Craft, impart
The direst poison to the purest heart:
Not only woman, but with darkness smite
E'en tenderest Infancy,—Man's *budding* blight;
From Christian love adopt this cunning plan,
To make "the child the father to the man;"
And thus God's image crawls through earth quite blind,
The devil's mark imprinted on his mind,—
Black prejudice,—in which the priesthood trust,
To gnaw and eat into his soul, like rust!

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What mad career hath man absurdly run,—
Man slave to man since Anno Mundi-ONE!
E'en yet a child, whom Kings and Priests control
So slow doth light break on the human soul,
So short the hour,—so full of care his day,
Ere he can see Fate snatches him away;
Hence Pusey triumphs *now*—whilst Fear supplies
Slaves to his Creed,—thus darkness *never dies!*
O blest and happy league of Church and State!
—The secret cause that Britain still is *Great!*
Meant for each other's aid, like Siam's twins,
When State transgresses Church prays off her sins,
State, in return, by cutting and contriving,
Builds Church new shops, and helps her on in thriving.
Yet come it shall, O consummation dire!
This Janus-like connexion must expire!
Dissenting shears, with old reforming plea,
Shall clip the navel-string, and set them free;

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The great Debt-Monster for the public weal
Shall make of Church a discount and a meal,
Yea, Earth on Heaven itself shall yet distrain,
And sell her lands and trumpery Saints, *like Spain* :*
No Pusey bishop to recount her glory,
No Gentlemen in black to tell her story,
No sleek Churchwarden to toast " Church and King,"
Sans Tithe, sans Rates, sans Dues, sans everything !

Now pause, my muse,—the voice of prudence hear,
—Her warning voice still echoes in my ear ;—
Behold Advice and sage Remonstrance come,
And seated at my side thus talk me dumb :

* The Cathedral of Toledo was formerly celebrated for its jewels, and its silver and gold ornaments. There was once among other relics, a figure of massive gold representing San Juan de las Vinas, and also a Petticoat of Our Lady, embroidered with pearls and rubies, said to be of inestimable value. Most of them however disappeared during the Peninsular War, and what remained have lately been disposed of by the Government.

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" Ah! why, my friend, shouldst thou, in bitter sort,
Because Lampoon and Satire are thy sport,
Why shouldst thou single objects for thy pen,
—Some few rare objects from the best of men—
Whom the world reverence,—and whom all agree,
Could'st thou but eulogize, 'twere well for thee?
The way to fortune is an easy way,
Think what thou wilt thou only hast to *say*
What most will *please*, when in their presence,—then
To bow and smile, and smile and bow again;
This is the way the *prudent* man contrives;
Be warn'd,—beware,—behold how Blandus thrives!
Would'st thou in nose of Reverence fix a hook?
Wait till thy foe, like M******, writes a book,
Vain of his weakness the egregious elf
Will spare thy vengeance and lampoon himself!
Then how much better, if thou needs must write,
To choke that indignation miscall'd *spite;*

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To tune your Lyre to a flatter key,
Praise the whole body, then will all agree
To share your favors, and in turn to give;
This is the way all prudent men must live:
Try, try the plan, and all the world will read;
'Visions of Judgment' must in time succeed."
This from a friend the other day when we
Strove o'er our wine, as friends should, to agree.
Alas! the advice was ticklish in the extreme,
To one o'ercharged with choler not with phlegm;
And yet the experiment to Friendship's due,
Suppose for once I try a stave or two
Of Panegyric, which my soul abhors
—More covetous of wounds in Satire's wars;
Suppose, my muse just give my friend a treat,
Casting her carrion to the dogs *will* eat,
And striking base Servility's base strings,
Declare N***'s arrogance is meek as B***'s;

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Suppose I call dull Z**** a " man of parts,"
And whining Sanctus one who wins all hearts;
Though true or false,—yes friend, the world will say,
His charming wife 'tis puts him in the way;
Suppose I say that Rufus has no ire,
And paltry parson Pollio's full of fire,
As B**r*t chaste, who, in a worldly way,
By his *divining-Rod* was led astray;*
Suppose, regardless of Truth's righteous ties,
I call R*** liberal and Dicas wise;
Suppose, and this is saying, Heaven knows,
More than most credulous poet *can* suppose,
(And might make those who know the man deride,)
That stately Tumens lacketh much in pride,
Since in his view all men mere specks appear,
Beyond the mist of his own atmosphere;

* It is a singular fact, that whilst more than one divine has worshipped the *Birch*, this Reverend Doctor took a *Rod* for his divinity.

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Stiff as a mast, o'ertopping all below,
Nought but a gale of wind can make him bow;
Say that in pulpit though these rave or drawl,
That *equal* eloquence is dealt to *all!*
All this, perchance, too personal is found,
And makes those blush, whom I had rather frown'd;
Why then my Muse, since her first effort fails,
Shall try a second, shall spread wider sails;
From pointed steel to goosequill change her pen,
And meekly sing the virtues, not the men:
Shall sing Saint Sid, and all the lordly crew,
Lord Ex,—Lord Bex, and Lord the Lord knows who,
With other aged dames and spinster belles,
Those disappointed Evangelicals,
Who having miss'd on earth their due reward,
Despise mankind and marry to the Lord!
What raging star thus makes the nation pant,
And e'en the elements so teem with Cant,

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That Neptune feels his stomach heave with qualms
Dinn'd in his coral groves with Prayers and Psalms?
Scared in his dreams, the eternal work of love
Sings through his ears from the Great Deep *above:*
Hosts of amphibious saints hosannahs sing,
Making old Thames's finny regions ring,
Where a mere hulk eat through by worms and Time
Rides Pusey's Ark, anchor'd in mud and slime;
Mermaids and porpoises rejoiced appear,
And little sprats sail round and round to hear
Those holy strains to David's Jews-harp set,
Which tell us "all are fish that come to net!"
Here, *even here,* amidst the shoals and rocks,
Episcopacy stands to count his flocks;
Here, on the waters with the fishes fed,
Here the great god of Cant hath cast his bread!
O blessed compact! age of pure delight!
When Saints of every calibre unite

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In sweet communion, for so heaven wills,
To call them forth, and Blandus prints the bills,
And many a Cantwell, by express desire,
Lets out his pious countenance for hire,
At holy Love-feast,—where, in love-bonds knit,
Lo! all the doxies round the table sit;
Each righteous spouse the true Creed represents,
And Shiloe's crib stands waiting for events!
Whilst heavenly sounds ascend on angel wings,
As Israel's tea-urn joins its voice and sings,
Yea, Fill-p**t's self, in Evangelic trim,
Gives up his Income, and gives out the Hymn!

Thus far the Muse, with false affected zeal,
Hath felt the shame all Hypocrites should feel;
Thus when some voice—albeit foe's or friend's,—
To make me thrive and hate myself intends,
Th' advice so worthless on his head recoils,
In language suited to the blood that boils;

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Back in thy teeth, my friend, thy words are hurl'd,
"The best of men, their Reverence, and the World,"
Hating the mean and prostituted vein,
Gladly relapsing to my former strain;
I cannot cringe, but spurning the base plan,
Leave it to G**h*m, and to those who can
My heart disdains to seek that prudent fee,
Or praise apostate Bishop for his See.
When I behold some proud aristocrat
Look down contemptuous o'er his high cravat,
Whether the creature's clothed in black or brown,
I feel my brow fast knitting to a frown,
Satire again displays ten thousand charms,
My choler rises and my soul's in arms!
But why, my Muse, thy hated censures link
To frivolous subjects, scarcely worth thy ink?
Ermine and Sable, Pomp and Prayer divide,
And show what trifles gravity can hide;

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Yet trifles tame as Z**** or brisk as —
Prove that e'en trifles may be wonderful!
Can bitterest Satire fitter subjects sing
Than modest R*d*r or meek Joshua King?
Men, whose mild doctrines with their lives agree,
Meek and consistent as what once was Free:
And did not Chastity to Church commend
B*rr*t and Tophet as that Church's friend,
I'd sooner starve and perish in a garret,
Than be as Tophet vile,—as base as B*rr*t,
Yet these are props on which Church-fabric leans
As black and useless props as stalks of beans;
The keenest wit might well despair to shame,
Like those two D's turn'd lacqueys to each name,
Delightful twain! Light of God's House of Pray'r!
High Priests of Venus, who officiate there,
Though proudest honours of the Church ye try
Such is thy base—thy secret infamy—

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Though Dean or Doctor, doubly dubb'd divine,
Men shudder at Christ's name from lips like thine!
Defend us, O "ye Ministers of Grace,"
And save us from these Ministers of Face;
For who but Church would call such to her feast,
Whom Satan marks, as graziers mark their beast?
Delighted, sees the willing phalanx stand
And P***y boil the Pitch and hold the Brand:
And who but Church would e'er attempt to graft
Pure mental imbecility on Craft?
Full many a prodigy of College breed
Profanes the service he can scarcely read,
His holiest dogmas guiltless to deceive,
Obscure with errors smoke, the light they give;
Some Bigot from the storehouse of Divines,
Some Oxford Rushlight, that nor warms nor shines,
His duty done in haste he leaves the field,
The seed to perish and the soil half till'd;

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Spontaneous crops in time disguise the loam,
Poppies and thistles, mix'd with tares from Rome!
Spare me O Fate, from such to learn my prayers,
Or climb to Heaven by such creaking stairs:
If deem'd a fool, yet bound to pay respect,
Let me at least be fool'd by Intellect,
And not be taught by blockheads who aspire,
With naked feet, to trample out a fire:*
Phials of righteousness, despising self,
Who stand erect upon the pulpit shelf,
In snow-white band without or soil or speck,
Like a black draught with label round its neck!
Let me with those in sweet communion kneel,
Imparting Fill-p**'s love with Pusey's zeal.
Is there, whom low ambition could persuade
To make his Piety his Stock in Trade?

* This fact of simplex munditiis, was *actually attempted* by a Rev. Gentleman in the diocese of Lincoln.

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In party-war engage his truckling pen,
Fighting the battles of these very men
His soul abhors?—Could bear the common jeer
Par excellence—" The Rev'rend Pamphleteer "?
Is there whose voice in moral vigor bold
Can wake the slumb'ring Watchmen of the fold?
Chastize their faults with Reason on his side
(Forgetting still that worst to mention,—*Pride;*)
His language strong,—his censures so severe,
The simple almost think the man sincere;
Tho' cunning Statesmen their applause suspend
And wonder where his impudence will end!
As list'ning to his sophistry they learn,
And through its meshes palpably discern
How pants the heart! How sweats the holy brow
Encircled by a Mitre!—How they bow,
And crouching fawn, and fawning crouch and bend,
Till abjectness no lower can descend,

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So abject, none could e'er descend so low,
—The only Christian lowliness they know,—
Who stand, like Judas, ready for mere pay
To crucify a Saviour *every day!*
Some judge the righteous Priest, to interest blind,
Stoops to this Earth to benefit mankind,
That in his heart,—o'erfraught with heav'nly care—
He spurns the worldly pomp he's doom'd to bear,
Would rather thro' the Hordes that worship, pass
Like his meek Master seated on an Ass,
Or shew the world, whilst Hate and Discord cease,
How beauteous are their feet who walk in peace!
Thus with success, his patient labors blest,
He reaps a crown of Glory in the West;
No more he feels Ambition's throbs arise,
" His footstool Earth,—his canopy the Skies;"
Expectant Clerks, in their turn bend the knee
To Foh, the idol of his heavenly See:

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Lo, hungry Curates in his presence sigh,
" Not as We will, but as Thou wilt," they cry,
" All hail," they echo round his Judgment Seat,
" Father in God, thy mission is complete!"
Thus fares the Church to State unholy wed,
Thus Heaven itself looks down to Earth for bread:
The Saviour's self, divided in this way,
Instead of daily Life,—is daily Prey.

What makes yon hungry Curate turn to brawn?
Why two fat Livings, and two Sleeves of Lawn:
What prompts his zeal to preach to Royal ear?
Lawn, and some twenty thousand Pounds a-year!
Hail Lawn! That giv'st importance to a Name
— A Beauty's or a Bishop's, all the same—
Both Love and Piety thy aid refines,
Saint Paul's disciples or Saint Valentine's:
Vestris looks lovely, in thy woof attir'd,
As B**m***d's lifted Arms, with Zeal inspir'd,

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When squinting Faith, as fervent it believes,
Sees Holiness hang dangling in his sleeves!
O holy Bishopric! The goal appointed
For all aspiring to the Lord's annointed;
To Thee the Son of Mammon kneels and bends,
In Thee, Divinity begins, and ends;
But how can Candour,—how can Justice tell
Where to bestow when *All* deserve so well?
How many, panting,—their probation past—
Like B***y pine, and die unfrock'd at last!
Who but must laugh, yet due compassion feel,
When Vanity,—the Froth that floats on Zeal—
Sees pregnant Folly with Ambition big
Mistake that white froth for a Bishop's Wig!
Who would not laugh to hear the Bigot shout
As reasoning Sceptics pile up Doubt on Doubt,
And Sceptics laugh as Saints adopt a Creed,
From colour of the Glass through which they read:

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Each censures each for Piety misplac'd
As if Religion were a work of Taste;
And he display'd most Zeal, in doctrine clear
Who set the fashion for the ensuing year.
Religion's honors and Religion's wealth
Invite the Sectarist's plund'ring hand of stealth,
Hence Schism hums round pure Orthodoxy's breed,
Like Bees round Flowers, to bastardize their seed;
Thus spurious Faiths increasing,—Fools are caught,
With Zeal proportion'd to the nonsense taught,
Saint greeting Saint, spins out a dismal tale,
Old Women groan aloud, and Prophets wail;
P*m keeps his Flock awake by Pulpit drumming
And sleeps in Boots, to watch the "second coming;"
Whilst, Pusey crouching like an ancient Dame,
Essays to puff old embers into flame.
O Satire! aid me whilst thy pen amuses
To sing the follies of thy P*m's and Puseys.

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Some wicked wights, as Satan wills, deride
At Pusey trudging by Saint Peter's side;
Sceptics attracted by irreverent whim
Turn to thy holy dreams thou Prophet P*m;
Others stand laughing, 'till their sides nigh crack
To see thee mount Divinity's galled Hack;
Thy head one perfect Theologic Bump,
Prophetic Pamphlets dangling at thy rump,
Thus sallying forth to proselyte the million,
And make them blockheads big as thine at Wilyan!
Contrast divine! Credulities contraries,
Choice illustration of Faith's wild vagaries:
Behold Pope Pu***y, when his wine he sups,
Breaking the real Corpus o'er his cups;
This new old Light that strikes beholders dumb,
This wild'ring light that only shines towards Rome,
In papal pomp preceded by his Guns,
And follow'd by a train of Oxford Nuns,

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Those holy Nuns, who live on College bread
And pray, with Friar N**m*n at their head;
In triple Crown with Crucifix most proud,
Shall show'r his Benedictions on the crowd,
And hoisted up in papal chair for show
Gotham's wise sons shall kneeling kiss his toe!
Yet shall thy follies Pusey have their day,
And Blockheads laud like imitating G**;
Tho' Friends deride and Reason stand aghast,
Share in thy penitence.and hail thy fast:
Thy virtuous Wife by prompt obedience led
With holy Chastity may fill thy bed;
Yet chastest Wife must feel the penance hard
Always to look to Heav'n for her reward:
Sore vex'd, thy *total* abstinence lament*
Lay by, and mourn the quick return of Lent!

* It is currently asserted that this Rev. Gentleman confesses to the example he sets his followers, of connubial abstinence during Lent.

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Hold, Muse! my choler rises at thy Jest,
Struck with fresh horror at that papal Pest—
That old Church Serpent, whose bare sight appals,
Long hid betwixt the fissures of her Walls,
Now warm'd to life again by that same ray
'Neath which her sleeping Guardians basking lay;
Prepar'd to put forth Claws, and Dragon's Wing,
And doom'd in after-times to tear and sting!
Yes, P***y, born to crawl, essays to climb,
And soils the very Altar with his slime;
Born too and bred to be a Nation's curse,
And Heaven in its wrath hath not a worse,
To whose oblique debasing doctrine's given,
All that is Earthly, with a *twang* of Heaven!
Like Mermaid; Fish and Flesh—to neither true—
Of breed betwixt Evangelist and Jew:
A smooth dissembler with the heart of Turk,
A modern haft to old Assassin's dirk;

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Foretold by Seer of ancient days, should come
And bring new Daggers with old Creed from Rome!
Already see th' apostate Phalanx stand
Eager to spread conversion thro' the land;
Like swarming Locusts, greedy to devour
They quit the waning for the waxing store;
Already guilty scores their Saviour sell
Pawning Salvation for a place in hell,
Treading the path again by Judas trod,
False to Man's trust, and Traitors to their God.
Old Orthodoxy rouses from his dream
To hear their alter'd Piety blaspheme:
At Mammon's table,—at his elbow fed,
In Mammon's dish they dip their daily bread;
Already *Mitres* lift the *approving voice*
Dating long years of Peace!—The Craft rejoice!
And can the apathy that shrouds us be
Mere stupid blank indifference? Can we

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Like drunken wretch surrounded by a fire
See the devouring element grow nigher
And like our Lama,—our and Lambeth's King
In such a strait, "*consider* of the thing?"
And hath Rome's sorcery so wrought within
That we are tongue-tied? Is our silence Sin?
Or is it Fate sits brooding in the soul
Like Nature pausing ere her Thunders roll?
Are *these* the Men false doctrine to condemn?
So righteous none may touch their garment's hem!
Once preaching Antichrist and Scarlet Strumpet,
Whose voice was lifted like a brazen Trumpet,
To shake old Rome? Who tir'd of Scripture facts
Invented others, and nicknam'd them "*Tracts*,"
In which the ignorant were given full scope
To bless their Teachers and to curse the Pope;
Pretending Heaven *their* holy light had sent
To teach the suffering Poor to starve *content*;

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Teach them to worship Priests, and Rags, and then
To pass them into Heaven like Gentlemen!
Think of the time Man suffer'd every ill
From Priests, base hearts, and Kings, e'en baser still;
When Cruelty blood-drunk was prone to reel
With pious Furies yelling at his heel!
Such hosts of Victims doom'd to burn or bleed
That the bare thought alone makes those who read
Grieve they liv'd not their Torturers to have smote,
Doubting God's Justice that *he* smote them not,
'Twas then blest Freedom, thy eternal spark
Shot from the Heavens to illume Earth's dreary dark,
And still thy deeds in Life as Death, still free,
Make those who yell at Pusey bow to Thee!
And shall our bosoms still less nobly pant,
Grown tame and almost suffocate with Cant?
Shall Freedom with new gems upon his brow
Be, in this age of Light, less honor'd now,

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When shall blind Man to Reason's test be brought,
Nor crucify his Brother for a *thought*
Thro' Zeal?—that basilisk of Error's mind—
Which turns from Pity and strikes Mercy blind!
When shall the voice of Cruelty be dumb?
When shall God's service, "*perfect freedom*," come?
See Persecution in Religion's name,
With glaring eyeballs and a breath of flame,
Hot from Rathcormac, at the Altar kneel,—
A Dragon's fierceness in his heart,—call'd Zeal—
With lifted fingers spread in holy mood,
Stroking his pious face leave streaks of blood!
What tho' o'erjoy'd to shorten man's short hour,
Hypocrisy turn prostitute to Pow'r,
And Pow'r the purposes of both to suit,
Crushes out Life with Priestcraft's leaden foot;
Disguises Meekness in a robe of red
And straps a helmet on the Saviour's head!

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What, tho' the Muse refuses to concur
In Faith or Doctrine—where the best may err—
May that Muse perish and her strain be nought
Who spurns the captive of imprison'd thought;
May Freedom's blessed light burn cold and dim,
Nor yield one transport she denies to him!
Shall Man, a slave to his own tyrant will,
Arrest Time's flight, and bid the World stand still?
Shall Man rejoice to hear a brother's moans,
Inventing keener pangs for flesh and bones?
Or deem, committed to a Prison's charge,
The Mind immur'd and wanders not at large?
No! Tho' to Dungeon and to Chains confined,
Not all the Cæsars that e'er curst mankind
Could grasp Thought's subtle spirit, or coerce,
That soars aloft and skims the Universe,
Leaving the pulse to play with unconcern
And warm the Body's clay 'till it return!

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Yet grov'ling Superstition thinks it meet
Philosophy should bend to kiss her feet,
Approach her presence with a reverend bow,
And play with the Hag's nightshade round her brow;
Whilst Pusey fawning at her dexter hand
Points to his Legions black'ning thro' the land;
And Doctor Wiseman having given them shrift,
Stands rampant forth with crucifix uplift,
From the high Dome o'ertopping Oxford's press
Sees them go forth, and prays for their success!
Hail, Oxford! long for Bigotry renown'd;
Old Rome's old Harlot,—Pusey's new profound!
Whose magic touch can cure the clodpole slouch,
Teach fools to think, and make a beau of Z****,
Turn Irish Beef to tasteless Pusey Veal,
Like Dan O'Connell with the face of Peel:
Quirks of Divinity of newest sort
Hold in solution with the oldest Port;

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Mix Athanasian with Armenian Creed,
And thus by holy *crossing* make them breed.
Proud as thou art of thy too lofty state,
Blind to the present,—blind to future fate;
In vain Rome's pow'r thou seekest to restore,
The shadow of thy deeds hath pass'd before;
Thy wisdom's cunning to old Dullness knit,
Thy craft a Magpie's, with a tongue that's slit;
Thy doctrine damnable,—thy Priest a knave,
And thou the Capitol whose Geese must save!
The Press to light thy vile designs shall bring,
Thou Imp,—thou shred of Rome,—thou filthy thing!
Thy heart's disease no med'cine can subdue,
But rods of Wormwood and a pill of Rue:
The Press;—the Press to rescue Man shall come,—
The Press that cannot shame, shall strike thee dumb.
Lo! History's pen hath set her damning mark,
Thou Stye of Circe, still uncleansed and dark;

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Whose mire is fill'd with offal call'd "*divine*,"
Offensive to the smell,—Christ's filthy Swine!
Thy Reverend bowels dread a scanty meal
Should Ignorance *think*, or Faith relax her zeal;
Dark are thy ways, and darker far thy Will,
For Satan moulds thee to Rome's purpose still;
Thou hatest Light to visit thy abode,
In secret, hatching venom, like a Toad:
On mischief's errand bent; from Arctic gloom
Obedient Spirits at thy bidding come;
Thy papal doctrines spreading far and wide,
And "Number Ninety" lends them wings to ride:*
Egregious Ninety! In whose page thou see'st
Thy Hope! Thy Creed! Thy Gospel! and thy Beast!
Far in the North, in Cave now little known,
An ancient Pair in darkness dwelt, alone:

* See the notorious No. 90, of the Oxford Tracts, written under the *New-mania* influence.

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Silence kept watch, and nought disturb'd the scene
Save the Owl's hoot, or Raven's croak between ;
Or dismal blast that swept the holy Stone
Rear'd in the dell to ancient murder done !
Wizard and Witch here came to pay their vows
To beldame Superstition, and her spouse.
Much charm of Witchcraft round the Cave was seen,
Phials of blood, with Crucifix between,
An Astrolabe,—Hermippus in old dress,
And Book on Dreams ;—both from the Oxford Press !
Mitres and musty Volumes, with the Rack
Of Inquisition, stamp'd upon their back,
And papal Arms ; their crest old Darkness' Prince,
Supporters ;—Exeters of Centuries since !
No children had they, save one only Boy,
A sullen Youth ;—but still their hope, their joy :
Tho' grown to manhood and of goodly size,
At feeblest light he wink'd his narrow eyes ;

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Long used from ev'ry transient gleam to run
He never dar'd to look upon the Sun!
One day, when snows were drifting from the South,
And drizzling sleet half fill'd the Cavern's mouth,
A lurid yellow mingled with the haze,
And blest his vision with a twilight blaze;
When Bigotry inspir'd by Fate within,
Bespoke his Dame, and chuck'd her leathern chin!
"Our life nigh clos'd, our Son may seek in vain,
Throughout the World, our empire to maintain;
Thy form, dear Superstition 's weak and old,
And Priestcraft's heart, like Bigotry's, grows cold;
Yet ere we die, our Son shall strive at least,
'Neath Oxford's Dome, to qualify for Priest;
Oxford, whose Sons for centuries have come
To pay their vows at Superstition's home,
Still anxious to resume her ancient part—
So true to Rome—so Jacobite at heart!

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His life, tho' short, with difficulty run—
Oxford shall be a Mother to our Son,
With more than Mother's love shall clasp him fast,
And in her arms shall watch him breathe his last!"
Thus Bigotry's cold heart, with bursting swell,
Sung its own Requiem to Fate's passing knell;
His Son's ambition felt new fire and hope,
And Heaven grew tired of Pusey, and the Pope!

And can the Mind,—th' immortal Mind of man,
Panting to learn,—impatient still to scan
Those Truths sublime,—taught by the Universe,
The drivelling Creed of Pusey Priest rehearse?
A collar'd Hound, kept for that Priest's defence—
A Dog of darkness—baying common sense!
Can Man, insensible to that blest light,
Which beckons onward, hide his soul in night?
Nor list the tidings Time for ever brings—
The voice of Knowledge singing through his wings!

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No ! millions yet shall covet to be wise,
As Ignorance, the slave of Tyrants, dies !
Thus shall his chains drop from both Limb and Mind,
As pressing on he scorns to look behind
On Pusey's wreck,—an undistinguish'd heap
Or wake a corse where Fools remain to weep !
O holy privilege ! Inspiring thought !
Where Man's Religion 's neither sold nor bought ;
But Adoration prompts Devotion's feast
Where God's the Idol, and his works the Priest :
Where every Insect's great,—and every stone,
And all is Wisdom that we look upon,
Where matter's atoms, silent praises sing
And Man,—the most unreasonable thing,
Whose pimping craft, God of his glory cheats
To buy the venal bread he daily eats !
Hence Universities may date their birth,
Teaching the low Divinity of Earth :

Digitized by Google

Hence infant prejudice the mind deceives,
And Truth's defunct, and Athanasius lives;
Hence Oxford,—Cambridge,—labour to produce
Divines just ready made and fit for use!
Oxford! where'er thou send'st a Pusey Hack,
Be sure have "Bigot" label'd on his back;
Give him a brain of lead,—a heart of stone,
That thou and all the world may know thine own,
As Cambridge did the Israelite, whom face
And Circumcision made a Child of Grace;
Dark Bigotry hath made his home unblest,
Hatching his mischiefs in *his* little breast,
Where little soul like little self in size,
Asquat sits squinting through his little eyes;
Denouncing Lust is useless from his throat,
His face is Fornication's antidote,
Had Marcius been but placed in Joseph's stead,
The *Wife* of Potiphar had turn'd and fled!

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Turn, turn my Muse and cross thyself, and then
Shake such ignoble trifles from thy pen;
Turn from those Insects which but buzz and fade,
And sing the merits of the "Great Unpaid,"
Turn to the Great Unpaid, once prompt and willing
To sign a Parish Rate-Book for a shilling!*
Yet nought was lost,—for every one might say,
"Their Worship's wisdom's equal to their pay."
Who but must smile when sagely they reflect,
The very men who claim such large respect,
These men who preach up lowliness of life,
—Their own a bitter comment full of strife—
Born 'neath the Crescent holier light had seen,
Mohammed's Priests, for Priests they still had been,
In barbarous Turkey more at home,—more clever,
But Fortune dropp'd them just wrong side the River.

* This good old practice has recently been abolished, and left the "Great Unpaid" to lament (like Lord Bacon) that Justice should go "scot free."

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Yes! but for this our Puseys to a man
True Moslems were,—expounders of Koran,
Ready to do the Sultan's dirty work,
And then as *now* as meek as any Turk!
Alas! that holy men with impious feet
Should ever dare profane the Judgment Seat,
That Gospel Saint on Law's just right encroaching,
Exults in punishing a wretch for poaching;
That meekness gladly quits his heart for Power,
Delighting on the brow of Pride to low'r,
Where trembling Wretches read it as a sign,
Tho' crawling Reptiles call the Thing, *Divine;*
His Law a Scorpion, and his Church a Feather,
The Surplice and the Treadmill work together!
'Tis ever thus, in every clime we see
The Tyrant and the Hypocrite agree;
E'en in that kingless soil where Patriots grow,
And wing of Time ne'er fann'd a Monarch's brow,

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A bloodier Tyrant doth his footsteps plant,
Which millions kneel to kiss;—the Tyrant *Cant!*
Is there a Land adventurous man can roam
Where every needy Villain finds a home?
The Despots sneer! Yet such her tyrant name,
Europe's worst deeds find refuge in her shame!
Whose Worth and Honor with her Manners suits,
Honest as Fraud and civil as her Brutes!
Where Freedom hath whelp'd forth a Son and Heir,
And left unlick'd, the shaggy Cub,—the Bear!
Look o'er the Atlantic, list its booming waves,
And hear the moaning of her Yankee Slaves!
There Saints Cant loud, whilst murder's heart within
Wears England's serpent scales and cast-off skin!
There Cruelty uncheck'd his red arm rears
Midst Temples built to Christ with Negro tears:

Digitized by Google

There pale-fac'd Cant harangues his Demon brood*

In walls of Plaster moist with Negro-blood!

Nation of Slicks! What centuries must come

To separate thy sediment and scum!

Ages on Ages shall thy breed display

Offspring benign of Lynch and Mrs. Pray†

Thy tongue, like Janus' double face, was meant

One side for Bully, and one side for Cant!

To bawl out liberty o'er Slaves that crawl,

Then hoist thy Hangman's Flag to cover all!

* Doctor Knibb tells us that "the Slave Population are degraded—robbed—peeled—destroyed—flogged—maimed and sold by Ministers of every denomination, and by members of every church! Religion writes Liberty in blood, and fetters Freedom in chains. She measures it by the colour of the skin, and while she holds out liberty to *all*, and tells all that they are free and equal, she takes my Brethren and Sisters and manacles them—binds them—chains them—flogs them—and then beseeches the God of Mercy to convert the World."

†"A whimsical instance of 'Zeal standing sentry at the door of Sin,' appears in a *pious* Lady named Ann Pray, who bequeathed one-fourth of certain Negro Slaves to a Missionary Society for the purpose of sending the Gospel to the Heathen!"

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Thy Christian Priests their eyes enraptured roll
Driving the iron in a Brother's soul!
Here Woman's kindred spirit bruised and bow'd,
Her mangled flesh for mercy crying loud
Sees gloomy Saint rejoicing in her tears,
Her shriek is music to his freeborn ears,
What'er his Creed, his heart to murder knit,
The Cunning—Canting—Soul-less Hypocrite,
With feet in Hell,—spreads forth his arms to Heaven,
Tampers with God and hopes to be forgiven!
O England! Glorious England! Truly Great
In spite of Pusey and of Potentate,
Who whilst with envy Man's improvements eyed
Would tether knowledge to *their* pathway side;
The Sufferers' cries have travell'd o'er the wave,
And millions wept to hear the shrieking Slave:
From Faction's heart no Hope,—no Solace fell
For Mercy fled where Justice scorn'd to dwell;

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And holy Lords turn'd not the face away
Nor ope'd their lips the Murderer's scourge to stay ;
As Avarice bade they gave their Genius scope
To fix Despair and shut the light from Hope ;
China's light fumes above the table roll'd,
And Luxury turn'd a Demon's feet to gold,
Stifled the cries of Nature in the breast
And lull'd the polish'd cruelty to rest ;
The Nation's heart at the recital bled,
But Lordly Christians stir'd their Tea, and read !
At length,—when Ruin on the Sceptre sate
And all the Land blaz'd out in Crime and Hate,
Far abler hands the reins of Empire drew,
Men who meant well, and what they meant, *dare do ;*
To Faction's mean and narrow spirit blind,
England their Party, and their cause—Mankind :
Thro' England's weal the love of Man they win,
And give her power without and Peace within :

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The Negro's gratitude for Slavery done
Glows more intense beneath a Tropic Sun;
Sick of the traffic, Nature cried "Hold," Hold,"
And human blood was weigh'd against our gold,
The price, tho' large it sound in Virtue's ear,
To blot that Guilt can never be too dear!

Talk not of *price!* but clap your hands with Joy;
The Man-Destroyer shall no more destroy!
The Negro's Yoke and Scourge advanc'd in Air*
Shall ornament the Portals of Despair,
The names of those who pledg'd the System "*good*"
On the hard stone inscribed;—eat in with blood,
And Nature's friends, as they with tears survey,
Reading those Names, turn horror-struck away!
But oh! For those, what shall be deem'd *their* lot
Who turn from Mercy's cries and heed them not!

*"The Manacles and Fetters worn by the Christian Captives of Granada liberated at the taking of that city in 1492, were suspended to the outside walls of the building, where they are to be seen to this day."

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The curse of Nature thro' all Time and Space
With Cain and Murder shall involve their race,
The Tiger-Saint long tear the helpless Lamb,
For Cant and Cruelty both suck one Dam.*
In ages hence, when Afric's Sons shall burn,
To emulate the Sons of Light, and learn,
On every Plain shall stand a sculptured Stone
To tell the Crime,—stand desolate,— alone;
A Monument of guilt, to mark the sod
Where'er the gaunt,—the dread Man-hunter trod;
The winds of Desolation passing by
Shall sing the Captive's plaintive moan and sigh:
Here Youth shall meet;—their Legends mutter o'er,
Recording fearful tales of deeds of yore,
When weak with woe the Sons of Afric stood
And Christians at their meals long lapp'd their blood!

*"A Baptist Association at the South decreed that a Slave sold at a distance from his Wife might marry again in obedience to his Master, and that he would even do wrong to disobey in this particular."—DR. CHANNING.

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How long, O Man! the slave of Whim and Pride
Shall *self* and self-delusion be thy guide?
How long with Christ and Mercy for thy Creed,
Still ask for poor Humanity to bleed?
Without all purity! All Faith *within*,
The Champion of Sanctity and Sin:
By Faith made whole, yet ill with Faith at ease
—A mass of solemn Inconsistencies!
Self-worshipp'd Idol! Folly's golden Calf,
At whom e'en Brutes might spurn and Angels laugh;
How long from Sense the smile of Scorn provoke,
Blind Faith thy guide,—thy Reason but a Joke;
Searching for light where'er the blessing flows,
Trying new Dogmas as ye try new Clothes:
Flound'ring in quagmires of Divinity,
The more immers'd pretending more to see,
Like that sleek Sect,—that over-righteous Crew,
God's holy pets of Grace,—predestined few,

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By whom alone Salvation's understood,
Seal'd by John Calvin with Servetus' blood!
Vessels Elect! who Faith not *Works* rely on,
At Ebenezer—Bethel—and Mount Zion:
Sectarian Dens, where Saints groan loud within,
Sunday Asylums that keep Bedlam thin!
The Priest delighted sees some yellow face
Exhibit symptoms of the "*inward Grace*,"
Tho' mortal Doctors soon perceive,—and smile—
Zeal in the Liver,—Piety in Bile;
Hence certain habits the disease insure,
And lead to Phrenzy, whilst Aperients cure;
Hence Hypocrites besiege Salvation's gate,
Hence Zeal, hence Gloom, hence Cant, and hence *my Hate!*
With equal Scorn, I feel my soul detest
That Saurian tribe who swallow up the rest,
From See to See their way still fattening keep,
And are themselves, "God's wonders of the Deep."

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See Childs a Victim long in Prison live,
—Vindictive case of Men who preach, "Forgive"—
See them at Chelmsford ready to repeat it,
Shylocks who claim their pound of Flesh, *and eat it*
At Mammon's bidding, whilst they reel with wine,
Ransack the Temple, and debase the Shrine;
So proud, with lifted chin and lowring eye,
That little children *hide* as they pass by,
And Meekness trembles, as it lifts the hat,
To hearts of Flint, and eyes that stare thro' fat!
Tho' in his service they by stealth have got
Lo! Jesus turns aside and knows them not!
Great God! Who built up this stupendous whole
And taught each day th' Eternal Spheres to roll;
Bade Time, a Giant Shadow, born of Light,
To point their starry motions in thy sight:
Fix'd the bright Sun to light thy World below;
And shew'd *his* beauty in thy radiant Bow:

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Saw rolling orbs celestial change prolong,
Hymning Duration's everlasting song!
System on System bade their tasks fulfil,
And saw a Universe perform thy Will;
Who bade this sublunary World rejoice
With all things fitted to thy Wisdom's choice,
That man might see and trace thy glory out,
And pondering o'er the wonder feel devout:
Where all of Nature's forms so lovely seem,
His Life might pass lapp'd in a golden Dream,
Might mix his mortal with immortal fire,
And antedate more bliss than Saints desire!
Prepost'rous Man! rejecting Reason's bliss,
Perversely understanding God amiss:
A peevish Creature full of Wants and Spite!
An Atom's dust,—imploring Heaven's own might;
As Heaven would stoop to heed thy vile affairs
From guiding Worlds to listen to thy Pray'rs,

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By ceaseless folly wearied to consent
And deem a Canting Prayer a compliment!
Degraded Man! willing to Craft to bow!
Dar'st thou not *think?*—and lifting up thy brow,
Treading the righteous path by Goodness trod
Walk reconciled to Nature and to God?
Instead of treading Hell's eternal brink
The slave of Fear, *too indolent* to think,
O'er this Life's stage mere human puppet pass
Where cunning Pusey's showman to the farce;
Deluded Man the audience of that show,
And W****f**d the Andrew here below;
From Irish pastures shewing high Church breed,
—Last blossom of a Church just run to seed,
In whom we see with love of Church increas'd,
A whole-length Bully grafted on half Priest!
Who spurning Reason's light, ordained to bless,
Makes God a riddle for mankind to guess,

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Sees God's own image finish'd at the schools,
And deems this Earth a paradise for Fools!
Instead of these, ah! would mankind but take
From Virtue's self, examples for her sake,
Then might we look through Nature and her laws,
Tracing the wonder to its first Great Cause,
In all the miracles and mummery past
Trace Faith's *new Cant*, and Pusey the great Last!
O wert thou Virtue, Man's true friend and guide,
To walk the world with wisdom by thy side,
To win the wicked to adopt thy rules,
And curb the wishes and the wants of Fools;
Thy soul's bright sunshine none but good Men share,
That gilds Life's path and melts the clouds of Care,
Daughter of Heaven! In wisdom's lore profound,
Sublimely calm, tho' Worlds should rock around,
Methinks I see thee Earth's low Joys despise,
And track thy way back to thy native skies,

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Truth's Sun effulgent imaged on thy breast,
A youth's left hand within thy right compress'd,
Taught by thy voice the World's dark ways to scan,
And look with pity on the guilt of man;
Vice sees ye scale the rugged mountain steep,
Astonish'd at the dauntless course ye keep,
Turns from the vision with malignant grin,
Shelters in Faith and grovels on in Sin!
Virtue! The wise behold thy fate with pain,
Permitted just to bear Religion's train,
To lend to Priest the glory of thy name,
Then hear him 'gainst thy filthy works declaim;
A serf at whom rich Faith turns up her nose,
A handmaid grudged Religion's cast-off clothes!
  Thrice happy Church! condemn'd by Fate to hear
The younger Booby of some pauper Peer,
Taught from the Nursery with disdain to throw
His glance and spit upon the Herd below,

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Eton receives the Tyro with delight,
Training him gladly for the holy fight,
To Oxford sent his bigot Creed to scan,
He comes out Saint upon the Pusey plan;
As Curate first in his vocation labors,
Ordain'd, to be—a nuisance to his Neighbors;
By Nature dull and fitted for his post,
Tho' filled and quicken'd now by Holy Ghost!
His Sire turn'd Sycophant,—and glad to turn one,
Begs him a Living who could never earn one:
In four-wheel Chariot next to Church he rolls,
To cast out Devils and to cure much souls;
An expletive, by Fraud and Folly led,
With Pride nigh bursting and the Nation's bread!
His heavenly master's meekness he despises,
He smokes,—he sports,—he swears,—he advertises,
Exchanging Livings with his own dear Race,
He swops Salvation with some Chip of Grace;

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Two precious Scamps,—so equally unblest,
It puzzles Satan much which bargain's best!
On Sabbath day Paul's faith he strives to fix,
But gives to Ovid all the other six!
Love's God on Sunday even, smiles to see
The Priest denouncing Pride in each degree;
For Love and Lust he points his deadliest sting,
And lashes Pride with elevated Ring,
As wandering glances from the Pulpit fly,
Caught in the beaming of some Beauty's eye!
His patron Lord, who asks him oft to dine
Receives the Parish scandal for his wine;
Proud,—mean,—despised, he joins the hungry pack,
His Life a Steeple-Chase,—the Church his Hack!
Such thy *new* Sons that in the Pulpit perch
Hatching fresh scandal for their Mother Church,—
Unhappy Matron, fall'n on evil hour
—Like many Matrons ruin'd by thy dow'r:

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Thine own liege Lord plays false,—the naughty Varlet,
Gallanting it about with *Lady Scarlet;*
But new Adorers to thy worship come,
For Church, like Nature, hates a Vacuum!
True, P*s*y preacheth with a shaven Crown,
Yet J***z B*****g preacheth in a Gown;
Yes, pious J***z round thy person lingers,
Sighing to touch the gems upon thy fingers;
With wrinkled soul and hypocritic face,
Whines in thine ear, and pants for thy embrace!
O Paul! thou great apostle of thy Lord,
By whom both pride and Mammon were abhorr'd,
Hadst thou encountered in thy pious search
The rampant Tigers of our *modern* Church,
Thy gladiatorial task were work of ease,
Thy Beasts at Ephesus were tame to these:
Yet names, still sacred, sleep beneath her sod,
The humble, faithful followers of their God,

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Thro' whom, the just prepared for life's release,
The sick found comfort, and the dying peace;
Ere Pusey Wolves defiled God's House of Pray'r,
And foul Hyenas snuff'd Rome's incense there!

The Church! Mysterious phrase!—with fools at least,
With Men of understanding it means *Priest:*
The Church, *itself* unconscious of all crime,
That fine old picture down the vale of Time,
Which fills a space up in the human mind,
When the arch'd Rainbow gilds the blue behind,
That glows impartially on Saint and Knave,
Shedding Hope's Halo o'er the poor Man's Grave!

To scenes thus sacred, oft in Youth, I sped
To hold communion with the peaceful dead,
With life's poor Relics in Earth's bosom thrust,
And note the gathering of human dust,
Where Death, sole Monarch o'er his fav'rite spot,
Collects his trophies side by side, *to rot;*

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Where Knave or Hero to Earth's cleft is hurl'd,
The Thief who cogs a Die or shakes a World!
Here once the Muse, an Idler stood, to scan
The pompous Funeral of the wealthy Man,
(When the long fleece kept lazy Shepherd warm,
And Heavn's Flocks starv'd on its celestial farm);
Unlike the pauper Corse,—oft doom'd to wait,—
His Reverence meets it at the Church-Yard Gate;
A holier sympathy inspired his breast,
As College elocution did its best,
And Rhetoric, as it gaz'd upon the Bier,
Squeez'd out its favorite figure in a tear:
Much sleepless nights it takes, and midnight flame
To hammer Panegyric for his name,
Departed Virtue at full length's express'd,
And Sunday's Sermon leaves him with "the blest;"
His greedy Heir, lamenting o'er his dust,
Admires the well-drawn Portrait,—"*'tis so just,*'

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Down at the Hall his gratitude's display'd
In frequent dinners for the tribute paid,
And all this pomp and ceremony's pass'd,
Perchance to give the devil his due at last!
The Sexton calls upon the Priest next day,
To inter the Relics of poor old John Gray!
The Muse was there, admiring to behold
The poor man's exit with the man of gold:
The hour arrives; but ah! unlucky fate,
The Corpse arrived, five minutes just too late:
Unlucky Corpse! his Reverence time to waste,
Engag'd to dine, made Duty side with Haste,
And Mourners felt the service as they sigh'd,
Come chill and hurried thro' the lips of Pride;
But what avails to place with flattering breath,
A Peacock's Feather on the brow of Death?
Wealth hires the pomp of Grief,—the Poor, more blest,
Like babes turn peaceful to their mother's breast:

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In this dark nook, releas'd from Sorrow's stings,
John's form rots nobly as the flesh of Kings,
A holier Sabbath to his Dust decreed,
Tho' no proud marble *lies* to all who read,
Where old Derision, poring o'er the clay,
Lifts up his eyes,—and sneers,—and turns away!
Struck with the *contrast*, mild Reflection's beam,
Illumes the objects on Time's shadowy stream;
Thro' every Age I see, with selfish art,
The root of evil twine through Priestcraft's heart:
Sick at the thought of slavish millions aw'd,
And still condemn'd to kiss the skirts of Fraud,
I turn my steps to Mona's hilly groves,
And seek the solitude my soul so loves
Fatigued I sink beneath the cooling shade,
And mark with closing eye the landscape fade,
Visions of ages crowd upon my brain,
And seek permission to live o'er again;

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Truth, though more stern, less hideous appears
Through the grey twilight of departed years;
Hist'ry shews Man a shadow on the wall,
In all the forms that Faith and Fear can crawl,
Whilst Fancy,—busy Architect of Dreams—
Uprears an Edifice of Holy Schemes!

On barren Hill where Druid Priest of yore,
Taught Odin's horrid Rites in human gore,
A spacious Temple rose, like that in Rome,
A thousand Aisles all met 'neath one vast Dome:
The fashion of its Gates from Bedlam came,
Where Cibber's genius rivall'd Phidias' fame,
Madness and Melancholy's forms above
Shew'd the intensity of heavenly love,
And sculptured Angels and such uncouth Things
In Stone,—like Penguins, stood erect with wings!
Centaurs and Shapes of Darkness,—types of Sin—
Encircling darker living Things within

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Mark'd the wide frieze; from niche where Demons frown'd,
Folly stood out and wav'd her Sceptre round:
Satan, as Vane, sprawl'd out o'er swarms below,
In Dragon-form, as on the Spire of Bow.

Chapels and Altars in each nook were plann'd,
Where Priests pray'd loud, announcing Wrath at hand;
The Crescent and the Cross together flew,
And Sectarist groan'd near unbelieving Jew!
From thousand Pulpits, Priests taught various ways,
To worship nothing,—and to call it Praise;
From ev'ry Clime they came their Craft to teach,
And brought a Prophet and a Creed with each;
Bells,—Gongs,—Muezzins,—troubled the still air,
And Afric's Death-drum call'd the hour of Pray'r;
Ten thousand thousand Blockheads kneel'd and pray'd,
Ten thousand others with loud voices bray'd;
The Genius of Salvation shook his wings,
Playing Fantasias on ten thousand strings:

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A Dwarf might list their Sermon, Prayer and Psalm,
And gather all the sense in *one* small Palm!
Sweeping the Aisle, with staid and solemn pace,
Lo! Mystery pass'd! A veil conceal'd her face,
Prostrate all fell, as though smote down by Death,
And silence kept;—and each held in his breath;
At intervals each dar'd to lift an eye,
To view Faith's Sister-Majesty pass by!
At ev'ry Altar with prostrations first,
From holy Cup she seemed to slake her thirst,
And when her Garment's hem the Priest had kiss'd,
She vanish'd in a native cloud of Mist!

Placed 'neath the Dome, stern arbiter of Fate,
A living Idol, the arch High-Priest sate;
A triple Crown his Locks of sable graced,
And Heaven's bright Silver Keys hung round his waist,
A Dagger's Haft with Crucifix emboss'd
Peep'd out beneath his Vest,—the Holy Ghost,

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A radiant Dove, o'er-canopied his Head,
And "Ecce Homo" o'er the Altar bled!
His face was Cruelty's in Zeal's disguise,
A Serpent's cunning lurking in his eyes,
His hollow voice made Youth with Terror start,
A Demon's malice seething in his heart;
Suspicious,—Proud,—of Devotees afraid,
Christ on his lips, he preach'd the red Crusade,
Girdled by kneeling Kings,—who worshipp'd him,
His scowl convulsing every recreant limb,
Of massive Ignorance,– striking Reason blind,
He loos'd the Dogs of Hell to tear Mankind!
"A holy War" they shout; "by Jordan's Flood,
—In Palestine we'll drink the Paynim Blood!"
A holy War e'en on the spot arose,
And Love and Charity were chang'd for blows,
A zealous Devotee of Pusey breed,
O'erheard and quick impeach'd his Brother's Creed,

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Discord triumphant seiz'd the Godly Crew
And holy trumpery at each other flew ;
Hell's din resounding,—the Angelic Rout,
Prepar'd for battle with infernal shout !
The Temple split, and crumbled to my view,
And as it rent, *the Incense smoke curl'd through,*
Fancy no more saw Truth to Fiction wed,
The Vision melted and the Fools were fled !
Type of Reality ! In future hour,
When Truth shall see, and Craft shall lose its pow'r,
When new secessions weaken old respect,
And Orthodoxy quails to Schism and Sect ;
When Schism and Sect,—both bloated with renown—
Two Giants, shake the pillar'd Temple down,
The Sun of Knowledge at Meridian height,
Shall melt the mists of Prejudice and Night ;
And Mitred Relics some short Centuries hence,
Excite the stare and grin of Common Sense ;

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Placed in Museums for the Public show,
Great Rarities as are their Wearers now,
Who set aloof on Bench, the World amuse,
Too grave to think,—too sacred far to use,
Like China Deities on Mantle thrust,
Shall merely breed a smile and gather dust!
Yes, the whole host in Faith's declining day,
When mystic Creeds and holy Men decay,
These Pusey expletives to Fate resign'd,
Shall turn to use and mingle with mankind!
Meantime some future Muse their worth shall show
And hold them up to scorn as mine does now.

Yes, now, whilst thus their Papal rage I dare,
And prudent Friends alarm'd exclaim "forbear;"
Prudence who yearns to see me sleek and fat,
Begs me to Reverence to lift off my hat,
Albeit my bare head with scorn he views
Absorb'd in Deity and Easter dues!

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Prudence, who leaves our consciences to rot,
Crawling, where'er a penny's to be got:
Who dreams not how I toil'd on Youth's hard Stage,
Before the days of this vile canting age,
Resolved to brave the insolence of Might,
And dared to *think* what *now* I dare to *write*;
Prudence, so very like our grave Divines,
Affecting Scorn for these imprudent lines,
Pulling my Coat with Countenance sedate,
Perks in my face and thus begins to prate:—
"Fool that thou art! Ah! more than doubly so,
To join 'the March' and learn the Criss Cross row;
Else hadst thou chosen some more low pursuit,
A jocund,—careless,—easy,—two legg'd Brute,
On Dogs and Horses cast all mortal cares,
Bow'd to Divinity and said thy pray'rs;
Thus in thy generation thrift and wise,
Escaping Pusey hate which *never dies!*"

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Thus Prudence predicates a fate to dread,
Taking her last farewell and shakes her head;
Whilst I, in frolic mood,—now stern, now blithe,
Resolve to have a fling, let who will writhe;
Resolve to give the indignant Muse a feast,
And probe a Bishop 'till he yawn at least!
Yes! I enjoy to meet the awkward glance,
The hanging lip, and tossing head askance,
Laugh to o'erhear my name devoutly curst,
And when I look most grave am nigh to burst!
My great delight in laughing 'till I pant,
Pouring derision on the head of Cant!

Almighty Cant! By thee Man makes his gains;
The counterfeit that knaves exchange for brains,
Children and Blockheads the *gilt surface* view
And take thy spurious coin before the true.
Almighty Cant! Thou God of Fraud and Wiles,
More worshipp'd at St. James's than St. Giles;

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All the low arts in thy sight finding grace,
One gives thy speech its whine,—one maps thy face,
Cunning and Candour lend their little wits,
And Humbug fits his Mask, and *sees it fits;*
Hypocrisy conceal'd prompts all within,
Giving thy tongue the eloquence of Sin;
Blockheads and Knaves eternal fealty vow,
And willing Nations bless thy cheat, and bow!
Forgive me Cant, if to thy ways unknown,
I shunn'd thy course and took my way *alone:*
The paths of rural solitude I trod,
(For Towns and Cities hide the works of God;)
With what delight I turn'd such scenes to greet,
From Man, a Reptile at his fellow's feet!
I'd sooner be the veriest Stone or Stock,
Or pick my living from the barren Rock,
Where Independence sees his white-flag blow,
Than *fatten* with thy servile Herd below;

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Forgive me Cant, if, spurning thy base ways,
I snatch'd the Holly and escaped thy Bays.
Fortune! to thee few are the thanks I owe,
My Life's best blessing pluck'd from Labor's brow;
Labor to me seemed ease, however hard,
The Muse's favor was my sweet reward:
Satire found none beyond her searching reach,
But laugh'd at Blockheads much above my speech
And many a stilted Dolt and canting Knave,
Shall carry her sharp stripemarks to the Grave.
Welcome then Toil,—that stopp'd far short of wealth,
That gave my mind its vigor and its health:
It taught me to perform the Satyr's part,
And like the Aruspex bare the victim's heart;
It shew'd its spots,—a sacrifice so base,
To God 'twere insult and to Man disgrace!
It saved me from that servile cringing way
Tyrants exact, and none but slaves will pay;

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It sav'd me from all quibbling, pious jars,
It sav'd me from the Cant my soul abhors,
It saved me from the scorn by Greatness shown,
And better still,—it sav'd me from my own!
Welcome then Labor 'till my sinews crack;
My soul stands upright 'neath a bending back,
The darling Muse! *Her* countenance in sight—
What is the *heaviest* Labor? Lord how light!
Fancy! blest power,—to frail existence kind
Hath given me subjects in the realm of mind,
And when she feels dispos'd my Taste to suit,
Frames me new Worlds and peoples them to boot!
A Paradise for Bards, by Duns abhorr'd,
Here Fancy lets me live like any Lord,
Tho' now and then she gives me leave to stray
Thro' Earth, and lash a Scoundrel in my way;
And every shaft that Satire deals shall find
Its point deep buried in ignoble Mind;

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In language bold,—to sharp invective strung,
Pregnant with Thought and vehement of Tongue,
That makes the blood thro' Cant's vile pulses leap,
And Conscience tremble so it dare not sleep;
Nor need she fear of Theme to be bereft,
Whilst Oxford,—Cambridge,—*Exeter* are left;
Nay were she silent, or made strictest search,
For Argument to *prop* a falling Church,
Rapacity,—of Reverend Parents born,
That Child of Ostentation, nursed by Scorn,
Revenge,— the light of Persecution's brand,—
These holy Vultures, shadowing the Land,
With Meanness, whose lean fingers all detest
Have wrought Men's hatred;—Pusey does the rest!

Finis.

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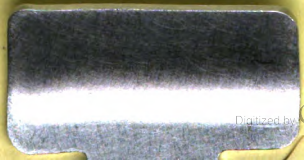

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